



# Our Little Lion



8 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Arianna's first live piano concert was in an hour.

"I'm not ready! I don't know what to do—I don't think I've practiced enough..." Arianna fretted.

"Calm down, Arianna. You're gonna be great," Timothy said, as he put his hand on Arianna's shoulder. She shrugs the hand off with a small smile.

"Thanks Tim," she said. "I appreciate it. You ready?"

"Yeah. Let's do it. Let em' hear you roar" Tim said with a wink, then shifted his shoulders back into a more composed posture and led Arianna out, his rented tuxedo matching her smooth black silk dress.

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"Hey Vladimir! What are you doing here?" Adam said as he went to sit next to him.

"Nothing. Just waiting for the concert to start." Vlad stretched and yawned. "Hmm...I thought you weren't into these kind of things Vlad," Adam said, nudging Vladimir in the side. "Oh, I know why you're here. You're here for Arianna, aren't you?" Adam teased, playfully punching his friend's arm.

"Shut up," Vladimir said blushing. The principle walked on stage.

"Ladies and gentleman! May I introduce to you Miss Arianna Avalon, and Mr. Timothy Quinn!" He said. The audience clapped as they entered the stage. Tim looked down at Vladimir. Vlad glared back. Tim gave a final cocky smile to Vlad before sitting down behind his cello.

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